There is this girl, she is such a beauty

If you would see her, you would fall immediately

Her laugh, her smell, her eyes, I can’t, I do not dare

I cannot allow myself to think of those

But here I am, writing this stupid poem

Poem? Nah, no way,

What is poem, because this is not one

It doesn’t show feelings, emotions, life

None, all absent

In spite of all of those, I will still write

Try, compose, think

And just like that my mind went blank

Well, at least I wont think of those eyes

But it’s hard.

Once is enough to remember my whole life

At least that’s what i think now,

We’ll see what will happen during the time I’m alive.

So what was the point of writing this?

I forgot, music filled my brain,

Words eat my thoughts

Empty.

Empty it is.

Let it remain like that.